Static Lullaby

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Static Lullaby

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Summary

During one of their usual hang-outs, Alastor notices that Vox seemed awfully quiet and distant... He decides to find out what's been bothering his pal—and it's quite unexpected!

Or : Vox reveals something... rather confidential to Alastor, which will end up with the radio demon taking care of him.

(This is based on a headcanon I have concerning Vox's CRT head!)

Notes

Hello there! This is my first fic (I've written a few ones before but I didn't put as much effort intp those being honest lol), and my first work in this fandom!! I am still a beginner at english as it isn't my first language—as you can clearly see in my writing since I'm trying to use em dashes for the first time :,D...

I hope you will like my work, I appreciate any comment or kudos, especially if you have any constructive criticism or something nice to say about my work—it would mean a lot to me <3

And without further ado—have a fun time reading!!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

At a small bar in Pentagram city, their usual spot, Alastor and Vox were having one of their everyday hang-outs together. It was always just the two of them—with drinks, laughs and smiles enlivening their conversations.

Those conversations and laughs were often led by Vox, the “noisy picture box” as Alastor loves to call him. After a long day of overlord activities, he loved bragging about his new accomplishments with a prideful smile on his face, as Alastor would softly nod at his endless babbling.

But today, Alastor couldn’t feel the usual connection and atmosphere between them. Vox was being awfully less talkative, borderline quiet, and he seems to drift away after every sentence both of them would say. The deer frowned… Was something bothering him? No.. He usually has no issue with speaking his mind, always loud about it when he’s had a bad day at work, as Alastor simply enjoys the entertaining sight of his unfaltering whining. But Vox does hide things from him sometimes, and he can easily sense it : it’s not like Vox was the best at hiding any emotion anyways, he’s always so over-the-top! That is the one thing that differentiates them the most after all…

An unsettling thought then crossed his mind : was Vox upset at him? He does seem very distant today… It was just them and a few midnight drunkards this time, so why would he not want to take on this opportunity to grouse and complain, something he usually avoids doing in crowded spaces to preserve his public image? And if he was really mad at him, what should he do about it? Well, it’s not like he cared or anything, Alastor doesn’t do “ships”—as in “relationships”. But the lousy crt was still quite helpful, as long as they stayed on good terms, and a free form of entertainment everyday… He cannot let him go yet.

As the red haired demon got lost in his thoughts, staring at his whiskey, Vox glanced at him : the soft and cozy atmosphere of the bar, the gentle light hitting on his fluffy ears and his puzzling expression formed a beautiful and addictive scenery in which he got lost. Maybe it was because of how drowsy he was, but the TV man wanted to be drowned in the deer’s gaze, and listen to his soothing voice talking about whatever seemed to disturb him—although he knew Alastor never spoke up about how he felt anyways. But he can still dream about it, he could doze off and think about laying down, on a soft and comfortable bed, wrapped around his arms and resting their heads on a fluffy pillow, as fluffy as his hair, as their eyes would slowly close to the buzzing sound of their matching static…

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“Vox-?!”

Suddenly, his eyes opened wide, and the beautiful sight that he was admiring a few seconds ago got replaced by the sharp and wooden floor of the bar. Alastor was grabbing him by his shoulders, preventing him from hitting his head.

“Be more careful next time you want to get lost in your thoughts dear, I don’t want your screen to shatter in front of an audience hm?”
Alastor chuckled, slowly getting the confused man back sitting into his chair. Vox looked at him with round eyes, slightly relieved seeing that the bewildered expression left his face, but quickly got flustered as he realized the situation he was in.

“Fuck.. ‘m sorry about that, Alastor…” He mumbled, rubbing his screen to whip off his eyes and the growing embarrassing blush on him. His gaze then slowly averted to the side, looking at the deer’s hands firmly placed on his shoulders. Alastor, noticing his fleeing pupils, decided to hold his head to grab his attention.

“Don’t zone out again sweethea—” He abruptly got taken aback by the boiling temperature of Vox’s head. The demon held on his own hand, a faint screeching static noise escaping him.

…Well that’s unexpected.

“Shit- Are you okay?! Did that give you a burn?” Vox snapped out of his thoughts, now wearing a worried expression as he tried looking at Alastor’s hands.

“Nothing to worry about silly~ This is nothing but a poor little scratch to me!” He reassured him, showing his hands to the other demon so he wouldn’t worry more. But this little incident only made him more and more skeptical…

“Now now Vox, it is my turn to ask questions.” He announced, then his tone shifted to a more earnest one. “Tell me, has something been bothering you today? You seem very distant and less… big-mouthed than usual. Is there something you don’t want to tell me?” Alastor questioned him, unintentionally getting closer as he spoke.

“Ah—! Nothing to worry about Alastor!! I’ve got nothing to hide from you!” Vox exclaimed, a faint blush on his face as he slightly pushed Alastor away from him. Too close…

“Let’s say I’m just… Tired. We stayed here quite late this time. But I’ll handle it! Sleep’s not that important for someone like me, gotta keep working to get on top after all!!” He proudly laughed, making Alastor chuckle along. That’s a Vox he can recognise. But he still had a feeling of uncertainty in him that he can’t shake off…

“You’re not actually telling me the truth, are you?” The radio demon looked straight into his eyes, which surprised Vox and made him look away once again.

“This isn’t the first time we stay out this late, and I’ve never seen you this ‘tired’... I’m guessing you didn’t get enough sleep which is okay—we can call it off for the day! But right now…? Your whole body practically shut down. That’s not just dozing off like any other tired sinner would. And when I touched your head, it was… There’s something wrong.”

“Okay okay enough-!” Vox stopped him, pushing his body away another time as he once again got too close to him. “You won Alastor, no need to say anything else…” He sighed, as Alastor listened attentively now.

“Well you know how my head is a crt right? Stupid death I had, couldn’t agree more on that.” The deer chuckled softly, then nodded, indicating for him to go on. “I’m not sure if you know about that, but crts can get warm really fast, as it’s necessary for it to work. But that means you should be careful to not let it get too hot or they can get damaged, so you have to turn it off from time to time to let it cool down…” Alastor, focused, nodded along at his explanation. Maybe he should stop teasing him so much about that picture box head of his, having such frivolous technology as a body parts seems to be quite a curse. Sounds like a punishment fitting for a sinner like him…

“Which is why, as someone with a crt head, I get sleepy faster than the average sinner. I need to rest for at least 30 minutes every 4 to 6 hours to make sure my head can cool, if we don’t count the 7 hours of sleep everyday… And I usually have this rest before we hang out every time, but this time I forgot and we stayed longer than usual so..!” He yawned, as Alastor kept nodding along, truly interested in this new discovery. Vox will definitely never cease to surprise him…! He’s such an intriguing individual.

“So.. How much time has it been since your last rest? We’ve been here for quite a while after all…” The red haired man asked, a hand on his chin.

“Hmm… Probably 7 hours now?” The TV head shrugged, but Alastor flinched at his words.. 7 hours? That’s way above the time he mentioned earlier.. And what would happen to him if he doesn’t take his rest?

“Thank you for catching me earlier by the way, I guess I almost fainted… If I don’t rest for too long, my body simply shuts down and forces me into sleep, and if that happens too often.. I think that might damage me? I don’t know I try to avoid any of th—”

“Why didn’t you tell me that earlier, Vox?” Alastor suddenly cut him off, taking a stern tone. “So for the whole night, you were silently hiding from me that your body might shut down at any moment, and I wouldn’t have known why and how to handle it?”

“W-Well um, I was planning on telling you I swear!!” Vox panicked, getting fidgety with his hands as he looked anywhere but towards Alastor’s face, convinced that he was angry at him. “I just didn’t know how to.. approach it! And I didn’t really want to, yknow, ruin the moment or anything, I don’t want to leave yet…” The overlord’s face got more and more gloomy as he kept on explaining himself.

So he didn’t tell Alastor anything, just to keep spending time together… How pathetic, Alastor thought. These feeble human feelings really do wonders sometimes, and this is why he would never indulge in any such thing like “friendship”, and even less anything stronger than that.

It’s not like he cared about Vox’s well-being anyways, but risking his own health just to spend time with him, or just because he was afraid to admit such an embarrassing fact… Whatever the reason was, this seems to hurt him. For how long was his crt head boiling like

that? And how much does it hurt? Has he ever fainted like this before? Did he ever get serious damage from thi—

“Anyways, sorry for worrying you Alastor.” The deer’s rumination got interrupted by the tv’s words. “It’s something quite embarrassing about me, I wish I could get rid of it. But I should've told you sooner to spare you all the trouble! Please don’t be concerned about me now, I’m okay! You caught me before anything bad happened…” He continued, smiling and yawning as he slowly rested his elbow on the table, holding his head with a hand.

Worried..? How foolish. He wasn’t worried about that noisy picture box, was he? Of course he wasn’t! They’re not friends anyways, why would he be concerned for him? He didn’t feel any of this filthy “affection” towards anyone—and that includes Vox as well. He was so sure of that. He was simply a little frustrated that the other demon would hide such a thing from him, they were far from strangers after all… Alastor shook his head. Enough of these spiralling useless thoughts for now! He’ll settle down this annoying nervous babbling from Vox and send him home.

“No need for all this fuss Vox, I’m—” As he looked back at the tv man, his head was completely rested on the table now, his eyes closed, brightness slightly turned down and his mouth partly opened with a little bit of drool leaking down.

“Ah…” While he was lost in his thoughts, Vox seems to have fallen asleep. Well, that was to be expected, he really needed this after all. Guess that means they’ll call it off for the day..!

Alastor stood up, leaving a little tip for the barkeeper, and gathered his belongings. He looked at the other overlord, so peacefully sleeping… A very rare sight indeed. Too bad that he’ll leave it here for everyone’s eyes. He thought about how furious Vox would be if he learned about how he fell asleep in public—making him chuckle a little. He couldn’t care less about carrying him to his own home, it was too far away from here, and he wouldn’t know how to open it anyways.

As he stood up and started walking away, he took one more last glance at the sleeping man. Such an uncomfortable position he was sleeping in, he would hate being in his place. Wouldn’t that disturb his sleep and make it less effective? That would be a shame… What if he won’t be able to stay awake for tomorrow due to that? But then there wouldn’t be any picture box for a day—which would make a quite boring day…

The deer sighed, walked back to their seats, and without a second thought, gently placed him on his back, carrying him by his legs. And his home, compared to Vox’s, wasn’t too far from here.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Alastor, who somehow decided to bring the sleeping Vox to his home, takes care of him.

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It doesn't go too well. Not for Vox—but for Alastor's seemingly "cold" heart...

Door opened to his home, Alastor turned on the lights. His home was rather small, just an apartment with the bare minimum, a decor of his taste and a couch to sleep on. It was all he really needed after all, he didn't spend much time in here anyways. The familiar atmosphere of his apartment filled the air, and having a sleeping overlord on his back in this particular setting… It felt quite intimate.

The deer walked to the couch—still carrying the sleeping man—and gently laid him down. He made sure that he wasn't laying in a too uncomfortable position, as his big squared head made it quite difficult to comfortably lay down.

"You can be such a nuisance sometimes, Vincent…" Alastor mumbled to himself, slowly sitting down on the carpet as he stared at the crt head : he looked so peaceful now that his screen was almost completely turned off, a soft blue light emerging from it…

How much of a curse was it for Vox to live with such an inconvenient appearance? His head was heavier than average, which could be bad for his back, and he had to rest a lot to not get hurt… But it was a fitting punishment, Alastor thought, pretty humbling he must say. And his pal was quite smart despite everything, he'll find a solution for this won't he?

The radio demon wasn't really into these kinds of visual obnoxious technologies, but he knew that these greedy companies were always aiming for the smarter, sharper, brighter and newer in their picture boxes… Such is how they grow and hook as many weak and susceptible souls as possible. He was unsure if that was possible with Vox, but he's seen many other sinners changing their body parts every now and then to fix them or improve them. And knowing him, Alastor was so sure that if he could change his head to a better tv, he would have done it without a second thought. It would mean improvement to him, less problems and being more in touch with his audience. This change would be nothing but beneficial to the media overlord…

Suddenly, the deer's chest started feeling strange, unexplainable feelings overflowing his mind as his eyes darted towards the other man.

“Change…” He mumbled, wearing an uncomfortable expression on his face. That word was certainly bugging him to cause such a reaction—but why? Change can be a good thing, especially for someone like Vox who wants to grow and attract as much audience as he could. He’ll change… But would he still be the same Vox that’s laying on his couch right now?

Alastor would be lying if he said that he didn’t enjoy the tv head man’s company—not that he sees him as a friend or even remotely cares about him of course—but simply because that man was free entertainment! And because his frankly disgusting care and affection towards the red haired man was quite useful—although he was only acting this way towards him, for some reason the deer couldn’t figure out. And because his mere presence, with his charming smile, and his cute little tie, and his striking and quirky personality, and his adorable manners, and his attracti—

“What am I thinking right now!??” Alastor, noticing his smile getting awfully and sickeningly softer as his thoughts went on, perked up his ears and tensed up. He then felt his face getting warmer, which made him feel even more disgusted at himself.

“Gross…” He grumbled, standing up swiftly and removing his coat. Maybe that’s what was making him so warm. Nothing more. Nothing else that would be inacceptable to him. Maybe some water could help him calm down.

Alastor walked to his little kitchen counter, pouring himself a cup of water and adding in a few droplets of sinner blood that he keeps in his jars. He quickly chugged all of it, sighing as he finished. Refreshing.

He glanced at Vox, then at the cup again. He couldn’t help but think about it again. The deer was just overthinking it definitely, Vox would still be Vox no matter how hard he can try! He can already imagine him with some improved TV screen head, ruling as the strongest overlord—and thus, having himself freed from his shackles…—, but still being a hysterical big-mouthed fool. And his ego would still be as ridiculously big, not letting anyone else exist on the same level as him, something he clearly proved with his past as a human… So if something were to change about him, it would be *them*.

“Us, hm… ” Alastor murmured, as he walked back to sit in front of Vox’s sleeping body. The picture box was softly snoring, getting really comfortable in a place that usually wouldn’t let anyone other than Alastor do so. The radio demon could keep fighting himself in his mind, but his heart, no matter how cold he found it to be, knew how he felt : he didn’t want things to change between them, and he liked whatever they had together. Even if he didn’t know what to call these feelings.

Alastor scanned over Vox once more. He never really had the opportunity to stare, since the other demon was the one usually looking at him as he would endlessly ramble about whatever’s on his mind. He started noticing details about his pal that he didn’t catch until now : his antennas. He definitely knew they were here before, they were so expressive after all! They would bounce and perk up when he gets excited, or drop when he gets sad—just like a dog, Alastor thought and giggled—, and there was a noticeable spark going through them when he would get too emotional.

What the demon didn't notice before was their heights. They were uneven, his left antenna being slightly taller than the right one. Alastor couldn't help but find it rather cute, and surprisingly fitting for Vox, as messy and sloppy as he is sometimes. But the other overlord would probably disagree on that. He would consider it an "imperfection" to his brand or even to himself, as he was always so keen on his appearance being faultless. And knowing him, he would probably try fixing them to perfection the second it would start affecting his impeccability…

Alastor also knew how sensitive and reactive these antennas were. The TV head man would jolt whenever the red deer man touched his antennas, and get even more flustered as he played with them—much to Alastor's delight. Which meant that if he tried anything with them, it would hurt. A lot. And he didn't like the thought of Vox hurting himself over such a silly thing. He thought of maybe… complimenting them to avoid any of that. Not because he actually likes Vox and his stupidly endearing antennas of course—he just cannot afford having such a valuable pawn getting hurt for something like this.

"I'm such a helpful pal, he's so lucky to have me!" Alastor proudly giggled to himself, sitting up pridefully as he thought of how Vox would interminably thank him for flattering his oh-so fragile ego.

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All of the sudden, Vox twitched, his antennas jumping as he slightly curled up. The deer started getting worried, thinking that something could've malfunctioned during his sleep because of what happened earlier. He intensely looked at him, trying to spot if anything was wrong. He had no knowledge of how these troublesome technologies get fixed or how to discern any problem.

"Wait…" Alastor muttered, before realizing and sighing with a chuckle : Vox was probably just cold! He stood up, looking for a blanket to keep him warm until he encountered another issue—he was unsure whether the blanket would warm him up too much. The whole point of this was to cool down his TV head wasn't it? If he gets him a blanket, that would just ruin it… or maybe not? Maybe his body doesn't affect his head, so he simply uses a lighter blanket. But that wouldn't make sense! Does he usually sleep in a colder room than this one, and that's why he's uncomfortable? So maybe he just sleeps in a freezer. Is that why he's blue? Maybe he sleeps naked—gross, he immediately brushed away this thought from his imagination.

"Hell if I care-!!" Alastor frowned, his face flushed in a bright red as he covered it with a hand. Why did he even think of that!? Why would he even be that worried about this stupid picture box!? Could it be… No way in hell! He wasn't falling for him—like Rosie would accuse him of doing—was he? Let alone even getting attached to him! His chest was tightening again at the thought of these feelings.

The deer probably drank too much earlier, that's why everything was messy in his head. He wasn't feeling this way towards Vox, period. He'll reevaluate all of this tomorrow, when he'll be sober enough to realize how silly his overthinking was. Still flushed, Alastor grabbed his coat and gently placed it on the sleeping man to end his inner conflict.

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After a few minutes or so of more staring either at Vox or at the ceiling, Alastor saw himself getting sleepy too. He yawned, groaning as his head started feeling more heavy. He took one last glance at his guest : he was peacefully sleeping, his screen giving off a soft blue light at very low brightness as he was softly smiling. Seeing him so calm and composed was a rare yet comforting sight. The radio demon grinned tenderly, and began getting his face closer to the picture box as he was sitting on his knees…

And then, a delicate kiss was pressed against Vox's forehead.

As delicate as that kiss was, Alastor jolted, backing away rapidly, not only because he had the horrifying realization of what he had just done, but also because the crt was still warm on touch, catching him off guard.

"Did I just—" He grimaced, starting to blush as he looked back at what happened just there. Even Vox wouldn't dare doing such a ridiculous thing, no matter how sappy he could get. He was definitely more than just a little tipsy—he was completely wasted! He's going to overwhelm himself once again if he keeps thinking about this. He'll keep in mind to never bring his annoying pal to his place ever again, it was definitely his static that was messing with his mind, or some mind control hypnosis stuff he put on him somehow…

The overlord will just sleep for now, and forget about this whole mess… His eyes got more and more heavy, so he slowly got up to sit on the other side of his couch. He yawned once again and placed his elbow on the couch arm, resting his head on his hand. The deer stole one last glance at Vox : this man surely made his evening a total mess. But he won't lie to himself —it wasn't a bad experience to have him over like this, even if he was knocked out the whole time. It wasn't so terrible to spend time in private like this, and he'll maybe ask to do it again someday.

Alastor smiled one last time at the picture box, feeling all dizzy and tired. He closed his eyes, letting himself fall asleep to the matching sounds of their static buzzing together in sync...

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"Rest well, my spark."

End Notes

Thank you for reading my work!! I had so much fun writing about this even thought it was quite the struggle to find fitting words throught the dictionary and especially—find the time to write this as I was caught up with lot of studying haha...

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this, and a comment or kudos would be highly appreciated! Let me know if there's any way to improve my writing ^^

PS : you can find me on twitter as @aby_thebee39 👀
PPS : tell me if you spotted the lego batman reference...

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